

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



OLD MATTHEW'S TREAT.

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER XI.—THE THIRTIETH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE regulations, which had become institutions during the lifetime of the first proprietor of the oil-cloth factory remained institutions still, and it really seemed to the workmen as if good old David Harford had not gone from among them. During the closing years of his uncle's life, Allen had been the confidant of all his plans for the moral and social

elevation of these people, also the chosen agent through whom the said plans were to be made practical. It was thus that he had caught the true spirit of the beneficent work with which he became so thoroughly identified, that he drew upon himself the raillery and ridicule of his friends, who deplored the element of Don Quixotism which they affirmed was contrary to his common sense and business sagacity.

One of Uncle David's institutions—the least objectionable in the opinion of his nephew, Maurice—was

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

an annual *fête* given to all the factory hands, including their wives and families. The day selected was the 30th of September, the anniversary of the opening of the factory. It was also the birthday of Uncle David, and as such had always been individualised among the workmen, who had learned to like their executive master. From the commencement of his career as a manufacturer in Deanfield, David Harford had entertained very just and enlightened views concerning the relations between capital and labour. He had also always recognised in a practical as well as philanthropic way the claims of working men, and shown a liberal disposition to give them their place in the van of progress, and to assist them, providing that they were self-helpers on their own account. This last condition was considered essential to all the master's efforts in their behalf. These were the principles and opinions to which Allen Harford succeeded when he took his uncle's place as master of the factory in partnership with his brother Maurice. There had been some dubious shaking of heads and much gloomy apprehension among the elder hands, who had anticipated nothing but changes in the advent of the new masters. But results proved that the doubters were wrong in their judgments.

The present anniversary would be the third since the death of David Harford. Twice since then the hospitable tables had been spread for the welcome feast, and those who were to take part therein had assembled in the usual way, everything going on just as it did in the old master's time; even the customary distribution of little gifts to the children of the factory hands, also prizes to those pupils who had made the most satisfactory progress during the year's attendance at the school of which David Harford had been the chief originator. And now the festival had come round again. For several days active preparations had been going on, the generous donors of the feast sparing neither trouble nor expense to ensure the comfort of those who were to be entertained. A large marquee had been erected in The Elms pleasure-grounds, and Mrs. Farren, the housekeeper, at the head of a staff of efficient and willing helpers, was rapidly producing order out of chaos, and, with the aid of becoming decorations, making a very attractive picture out of the impromptu banquet-hall. It was one of those balmy September days that seem to give us a happy blending of the season's summer warmth and brightness without oppressive heat, and the soft calm of autumn that brooded over the reaped harvest-fields and the orchards already stripped of their fruity treasures. Everybody agreed the weather was all that could be desired, and that they could not have chosen a more favourable day.

The quiet, orderly manner of the work-people and their families and friends must have been highly gratifying to Allen Harford, as he moved among them, the courteous, attentive host, whose chief anxiety was the comfort and entertainment of his guests. Genuine heartfelt respect for himself and his brother were the universal feelings made manifest that day in various indications which did not escape the keen eyes of Allen, though some of them were apparently too slight to attract attention. The workmen were always much gratified by the thorough heartiness and goodwill with which the senior partner entered into the spirit of their enjoyments. On the present occasion there was one little cloud that marred

the brightness of the day to Allen, though it was not suffered to overshadow his face or influence his manner. The cloud was disappointment at the absence of Maurice. The young man had gone out in the earlier part of the day, overcoming Allen's objections by faithful promises to return in time to take his accustomed place at the dinner-table, and relieve Allen by his presence and participation in his labours as host. The promise had not been kept. Dinner had been detained as long as possible, to give him a chance of redeeming his word, but no Maurice had appeared, and Allen was grieved. He was afraid that his brother's unexpected absence would be felt as a slight by the men. On his own account, it seemed that he had lost some of his faith in Maurice, and he had a miserable feeling that his brother's word was not to be depended upon.

Dinner was over at last, and the large tent was being rapidly cleared; the out-door sports had commenced, and the happy throng had dispersed over the grounds to find amusement according to their tastes. Swings had been provided for the children. There were also cricket and football, with various other games and exercises, enlivened at intervals by selections of music, played by the band belonging to the Deanfield Temperance Society. Now began the real enjoyment of the day to most of the company, with the single exception of their kind-hearted host, who was getting anxious about the non-appearance of his brother, for which he was utterly at a loss to account. He was walking slowly under the trees, wondering to himself what could have detained him, when his thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by some one addressing him.

"Good day, Mr. Allen. Hope I see you well, sir."

The words were spoken in a thin, tremulous voice, that made Allen stop at once, and turn round to answer the greeting. Then he saw that he had passed without noticing an old man sitting in a bath-chair, which was standing back within the shadow of a large chestnut-tree. A very old man, to judge by the white head and the grey, shrunken face, so deeply scored with furrows; a kind, good face, patient and placid, though the dim eyes had a tired look, that weariness of earthly things which comes to the very aged when the busy working day of life is nearly gone, and the wayworn traveller is drawing nigh to the long rest after the journey. Allen Harford went up to the old man, and stood, leaning familiarly over the chair as he talked, his voice taking the soft modulations which he used to women and children.

"Thank you, Matthew, I am quite well, and very glad that you have been able to come here to-day, for I don't like to miss any of the old faces. How is your rheumatism?"

"It's a good bit better, thank you, sir. Dr. Kemp has done wonders for me; so has the new flannel which you sent down, sir. I have been wanting to—"

Allen suspected that he was going to thank him, and prevented it by asking, abruptly, "Where are all your people, Matthew? It seems a case of wholesale desertion."

The old man smiled. "They're somewhere about the grounds, sir. I sent them all away to enjoy themselves."

"Ah, yes, I think I saw your three grandsons just now, busy among the cricket-players, and if I'm

not mistaken, your daughter Hester is talking to Mrs. Farren. It seems to me, Matthew, that you are rather too much in the shade. Let me give you a little more sunlight; it will be warmer." As he spoke he wheeled the chair a little forward, fixing its position so that the old man might feel the sun's warmth, and yet be screened from its light.

"That is a great deal better, Mr. Allen. You do know how to make folk comfortable, sir;" and the speaker lifted up his face, as if grateful for the genial warmth. "I was thinking just now how good it was of you to lend me old master's chair, and I've been wanting to thank you for that and other things that you've done for me and mine, but I didn't know how to begin. I never was good at putting words together."

Allen struck in, hastily. "Don't trouble yourself to think about it, Matthew. I am very glad that the chair is of use to you, and that you are well enough to get out of doors. Ah, here come some of the young folks trooping this way—your grandsons and several others—so I suppose the cricket-playing is over."

A few moments later they were surrounded by the merry party, and Allen found himself the centre figure in a ring of eager, animated talkers, whose hilarity had a visibly brightening effect even upon the old man. Smiles rippled about his mouth as he listened to their lively discussion of the game, which seemed to have great interest for him.

A little later the gay party trooped off to the tent to ascertain how far the preparations for tea were advanced, and to render assistance if it was required. Allen still lingered beside the bath-chair, as though he was interested by the old man's talk.

"What it is to be young, Mr. Allen! Yon lot are just like a pack of gamboling kittens, ready to get fun out of everything."

"Would you like to have your youth back, if you could, Matthew? I mean, would you like to be only just setting out on your journey, with all the long road yet to travel, instead of being near the end?"

The old man clasped his hands together, as his gaze wandered dreamily towards the happy holiday groups gathered upon the sun-lighted sward. He heard the sound of their merry laughter, and it almost seemed that he might have caught for himself some pulsations of renewed strength and vigour from all the wealth of warm, glad life that was throbbing so near him. But it woke no longing in the aged pilgrim. He shook his head, as he said, slowly, "No, no, sir; it's better as it is—better for the old to go and make room for the young. I'm not sorry to be so close to the end, for I shouldn't like to have all the long way to travel over again. No, Mr. Allen; it's a fair world, but it's not like Christian's shining city, with the gates of jasper and pearl. No, sir; I would not have my youth back if I could."

There was real depth of earnest feeling in the simple solemnity of the speaker's manner. Allen was deeply impressed, something seemed to forewarn him that the poor, tired traveller would not have very far to travel. Matthew Hine was a superannuated workman, to whom Allen had for some time regularly continued the payment of his wages just as when he was able to attend at the factory in which he had passed the greater part of his long life, for Matthew Hine had been one of the few workmen employed by David Harford when he first com-

menced business in Deanfield. Matthew had been an admirable character in his sphere, and had always stood deservedly high in his master's favour.

The day's proceedings were as usual closed by a short address from Allen, to which his audience listened with the most profound attention. These little familiar addresses had a large share in securing Allen the goodwill of his men, and keeping up the friendly understanding between them. The speaker sat down amidst a burst of hearty applause. The conclusion of his address was usually the signal for a general movement towards the vans, which Allen always made a point of having comfortably provided with accommodation for the conveyance of the party to their homes; but on the present occasion there was not the slightest movement in that direction, though the soft September twilight was fast deepening into night, and some of the younger children had fallen asleep from exhaustion after the day's happiness and excitement. Allen felt some little surprise as he looked round; it struck him that most of the faces had a curiously expectant look, as if waiting for something. What did it mean? He was puzzled, particularly when he became aware that old Matthew Hine had been made the centre of some mysterious commotion which appeared to be going on about his chair. There was his eldest son, who had lately been made foreman, talking in whispers with several of the older workmen, who now and then cast an occasional glance towards their master. Allen remained seated, silently watching the little group, and wondering to himself what they were doing. It appeared to him that everybody round him seemed to know what it was, for he noticed there was no expression of surprise on their faces. He had just made up his mind to ask to be admitted to the general confidence when he saw old Matthew transfer a parcel to his son, a stalwart, good-looking man about forty-five years of age, who stepped out from the rest, and advanced towards the master, his face getting very hot and red, evidently under his strong sense of responsibility in the importance of the task which had been assigned him; added to this were some uncomfortable convictions concerning the speech which he knew he was expected to make—the certainty that all his ideas were melting from him now that it was needful for them to be marshalled into words. It was Allen who came to his foreman's deliverance by saying, "John Hine, I must ask to be enlightened, for it seems to me that you are all behaving very mysteriously. What have you there?"

As this question had not been anticipated, John was not prepared with an answer. In his embarrassment he blundered out, "It's the inkstand, sir?"

"The what?" was the master's astonished exclamation.

"The testimonial," John added, in hasty correction, at the same time drawing away the covering and revealing a beautiful silver inkstand, very effective both with respect to workmanship and design. It was with the utmost astonishment that Allen read the simple inscription tastefully engraved within an ornamental scroll, "Presented to Messrs. Allen and Maurice Harford as a token of respect from their workmen. Deanfield, September 30th."

John looked round half deprecatingly as he said, in his simple way, which was more acceptable to Allen than any ambitious oratorical effort, "I ought to make a speech, sir, on behalf of my fellow-workmen, to tell you what pleasure it is to us all, from

the youngest apprentice to myself, to give this to you and Mr. Maurice. There's a lot that I wanted to say to you, sir, but I'm not up to speech-making; I told them I wasn't, but they would put me to the fore, though there's those among my mates who'd have done it without a blunder—Joe Tunstall and Luke Adams—speech-making's more in their way."

Allen reassured him. "Never mind, John, silence is sometimes more eloquent than words. You have done very well, and the testimonial speaks both for yourself and your fellow-workmen; I well know all you would say."

Then he rose and faced the company, and in the midst of hearty cheers and clapping of hands thanked them for himself and his brother, regretting the pleasure which his brother had lost by not being present. The speaker's heart swelled and his deep voice faltered a little as he went on to add that their testimonial would represent many times its money value to himself and his brother in the wealth of good feeling of which it would be always an index.

And so, with this presentation, closed that memorable 30th of September, to be memorable both for joy and sorrow to the generous giver of the feast. Poor Allen! it was well for him to have that gleam of brightness to break the gloom of the shadows that were gathering darkly ahead; for though he knew it not, the news of a great trouble was speeding towards him.

THE KORAN AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTSON, LATE OF BEYROUT.

III.—POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.

THE contents of the Koran, confused as they appear, and put together as they were in the most careless manner, have a unity and harmony of their own kind. Instead of being a jumble of heathen, Jewish, and Christian materials, as the Koran used to be described, its elements are seen, on closer inspection, to arrange themselves in grotesque shape, but with powerful attraction, around the two poles of one central position which forms the essence of Islam. Mohammedanism is a growth, not a fabrication; and we can neither understand the character of its founder nor estimate its relation to other religions without bearing this in mind.

The two propositions, "There is no deity but God, Mohammed is the apostle of God," embrace the creed of Islam in its widest extent. From its earliest dawning in the mind of its apostle to its fullest development in the hands of his successors, it all resolves itself into these two positions, whatever is best being traceable to the former, and whatever is worst being justified by the latter. A distinct perception of the order in which these two poles of belief presented themselves to his mind, and of the relation they bear to one another in his creed, enables us to introduce order into apparent confusion, and to observe how Islam has a strength and coherence which, on a superficial view of its authoritative statement in the Koran, are not apparent.

"There is no deity but God;" this is the fundamental position, historically and organically, of Islam. The idea of the UNITY, present in the minds of others

in Arabia in his own time and before it, came home to Mohammed with absorbing power. Before even the conviction of his own mission to declare it was formed, it had taken full possession of his mind as an essential truth. It was not so much a truth that he had discovered as a truth that had discovered itself to him; and without any supposition of deceit or dishonesty on his part, we can easily conceive how it appeared to him nothing short of a revelation. And the belief in this truth, nursed in his heart by solitary musing, deepened by converse with natural phenomena, confirmed by the testimony borne by the consciences of others, as it grew stronger within him, took the form of an impulse to proclaim it to others, which was the germ of the belief in his prophetic mission. The reiterated assertion of this essential truth gave him the greater confidence in asserting it. Regarding it as something above himself, he felt himself to be the instrument of proclaiming it, and the more firmly he held the truth that there is no deity but God, the more confident was he of his mission to be the apostle of God.

But just because the unity presented itself to him as an essential truth, a revelation and not a discovery, he did not think it incumbent on him so much to prove it as to assert it, and though it is reiterated in manifold forms in the Koran, the proof is ever a direct appeal to natural conscience and innate conviction. Nature in all its processes, beneficent as well as terrifying, a manifest Providence in the affairs of man, the instincts and habits of man himself, are all cited as witnesses of the existence and power of God, "signs" to those who will believe; but the argument drawn from them, whether expressed or implied, is ever the simple question, "How will ye disbelieve in God?" For the same reason it appeared rather a confirmation of Islam than a disparagement to it that this truth should be found in all antecedent religions, and that all true prophets should be recognised as witnesses to it. Just as prophets had been sent to other nations with Islam, so God had raised up to the Arabs a "native prophet" with the same truth; and to Mohammed there was no inconsistency in maintaining that he was the last in a long line of Muslims, and also that he was pre-eminently the first Muslim.

He had, therefore, no hesitation in adopting from other religions whatever was in accordance with Islam. At the same time, in proportion as the conviction of his own apostleship became fixed in his mind, he would feel himself entitled to modify, add to, or reject the contents of those other systems as far as he considered necessary in the development of his own. The contents of the Koran accordingly fall into the following divisions, corresponding in the main with the historical order in which they appeared, although in its present form they are mixed up together. First of all, we have the assertion of the essential truth of the unity, running from beginning to end, and dominating all other statements; then we have the Jewish and Christian elements adduced in confirmation of Mohammed's mission, indicating the time when he was struggling to conciliate different parties. Next we have elements denoting a disagreement with the Jewish and Christian religions, pointing to a time when a compromise was becoming impossible, and Islam was assuming a more independent position. And lastly, there are elements which may be called specially Islamic, which come

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into prominence when conciliation was no longer thought of, and Islam took its distinct organised form as the superseding religion.

When, however, we come to examine the elements of the Koran that are borrowed or restated from Judaism and Christianity, the difficulties that meet us are considerable. These elements are not few, but they are presented in such a form that, whether we suppose Mohammed himself could read or not, it is plain he could not have drawn from our existing Scriptures. It may be said that the Koran does not contain a single direct quotation from the Bible. Mohammed makes it one proof of his apostleship that he delivered his Suras without having seen the Old and New Testaments, or any former books, and claims to have learned by direct revelation even those facts of Jewish and Christian history that are related in its pages. We may take the last statement for what it is worth, but it is plain from the manner in which he speaks of the Torah and Injil (the Old and New Testaments) that he did not know what these books really were, and was very imperfectly acquainted with their contents. He seems to have regarded them as books sent down entire or piecemeal to Moses and Jesus, just as his own Koran was given to himself. As to the "books of Abraham" and other religious books to which he referred, if we are to credit Mohammedan writers, his idea was that, as there had been a succession of prophets, so there had been distinct revelations given to the chief of these, which were preserved on certain rolls or books then extant,* the number of which is very variously given. But if he betrayed so much ignorance in regard to canonical Scripture, it is not improbable that he was as much at fault in regard to these rolls, which in all likelihood were simply fragments of traditional matter, belonging to the rabbinic and apocryphal collections which date from that period.

The Koran itself shows that Mohammed had much intercourse with the Jews; they are represented as making a mock of his sayings, twisting and perverting his words, and maliciously misleading him in regard to their religious beliefs. It has been already pointed out that some of his intimate early friends were acquainted to some extent with the Jewish Scriptures, and that the Jews had long held a position of influence in Arabia. The Jewish Talmud was completed not long before Mohammed's time; and though it does not appear that the Jews of Arabia contributed to that great work, we may assume, from their numbers, the state of education among them, and their intercourse with Jews outside the peninsula, that they possessed, partly in written form, partly in oral tradition, many of the materials which are now found embodied in the Talmud and later rabbinical works. The name given by one Mohammedan writer to a collection of the rolls referred to (Ashma'at) is one technically applied in the Talmud to one part of the Jewish tradition, and the contradictory character attributed to different collections of these writings—which might lead one to assume different sets of rolls—well agrees with the heterogeneous elements, legal and legendary, which find a place in the completed Talmud.

The references to the contents of the Old Testament are therefore rather rabbinical than Biblical,

though the sources from which the prophet drew were not written accounts, but floating popular tradition.* The solidity with which Jewish elements are found embedded in the pages of the Koran shows that early tradition had taken a permanent hold of the Arab mind, and become to a great extent naturalised. Old Testament characters appear with Arab names, and, in defiance of chronological and local conditions, events and characters of the sacred lands are made to figure on the soil of Arabia. Thus the destruction of Ad and Thamud is described in terms evidently borrowed from the Biblical stories of Babel and Sodom; and the connection of the Caaba and Zemzem with Abraham, Ishmael, and Hagar has been already referred to. Similar cases of the inaccurate localising of traditions are quite common all over the Bible lands. That these materials are drawn from a popular and mostly oral tradition is further shown by the fact that there are many matters in the Koran which, though strongly savouring of rabbinic sources, have no counterpart in the Jewish literature that we possess, and must be ascribed to that endless mass of floating legendary matter, created no doubt by the Jewish imagination, from which Mohammed and the rabbis both drew largely, and which formed a great part of the popular religion of the time.

The same remarks apply to the Christian elements to be found in the Koran, with this qualification, that as Christianity had taken a less firm hold in the country, the references to the New Testament are fewer. They partake, however, of the same character, being evidently drawn from the same sources which furnished the materials of such apocryphal books as the "Gospel of the Infancy," the "Protevangelion of James," and the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary."

The immediate channel through which, in the absence of books, these materials reached him, it is not so easy to determine. There is a tradition that he learned something of Christianity from a Syrian monk during a journey into that country, and various persons, or different names for the same person, are mentioned as having given him information. He tells us himself how his enemies said of his revelations, "Verily this is a mere fraud of his own devising, and others have helped him in it. These are tales of the ancients that he hath put down in writing, and they are dictated to him morn and even" (Sura xxv. 5, 6). "Surely a certain man teacheth him" (xvi. 105). His only intelligible answer to which charge is, "The tongue of him whom they hint at is foreign, but this (Koran) is in the tongue of pure Arabic." So that we may conclude that he was in the habit of conversing with persons well versed in the lore of the time; that these persons stood to him in the place of books in this study of his of comparative religion, and thus formed the link of connection between him and that mass of traditional matter which could have been only very imperfectly known to the idolatrous Arabs. And that his informants were for the most part Jews is evident from the greater prominence which Jewish ideas hold in the Koran, and the Jewish colouring which even the Christian elements exhibit.

Thus it comes that the Koran assumes, in a general way, the leading facts of the history of the Old and New Testaments, the recital of which, in its own pe-

* Sprenger I., 48 seq., who discovered in the East a fragment of the so-called rolls of Abraham.—St. Hilaire, p. 68, note 3.

* Neither Deutsch ("Islam," in "Quarterly Review," October, 1869) nor Geiger ("Was hat Mohammed aus dem Judenthume aufgenommen?") has made this sufficiently clear in tracing the obligations of the prophet to Judaism.

cular style, occupies a considerable part of the book. And if these facts are presented in a form very unlike that in which they appear in the pages of the Bible, this should not be ascribed to invention or a wayward imagination on the part of Mohammed, but to the influence of popular tradition in his time. Readers of the English translation of the Koran, in these days so accessible, may in fact fancy themselves reading substantial transcripts of those legendary rabbinical and apocryphal stories which formed the popular Jewish and Christian religion of the time, and which Mohammed, learning at second-hand from men versed in these religions, made use of to substantiate his claim to stand in the line of apostles, and to gain men over to his side. The account of the creation of Adam, of the envy of the angels at his creation, and of his naming of the animals, is given in all its rabbinic dress. The story of the Flood, and that of the destruction of Babel, are tinged with the same colouring, though they have, as has been said, a certain local cast. The early part of Abraham's history, his refusal to worship idols, his being cast into a furnace by Nimrod, and his deliverance,—all this is found in the Midrash substantially as it appears in the Koran. Even the references to those "Rolls of Abraham" may be nothing but another form of the Jewish tradition which ascribed to the patriarch one of the oldest of the Kabbalistic books.* Naturally, Ishmael comes into greater prominence than Isaac. It was he that assisted his father to build the Caaba, and it seems to be implied that he, and not Isaac, was offered in sacrifice.† As to Jacob, it is not clear whether he is regarded as the son or grandson of Abraham, and there is scarcely mention made of his sons, except Joseph, whose story is given at great length; for this is just a case in which popular imagination would delight to indulge in embellishment.‡ So, also, the accounts of Moses in his relations with Pharaoh and Jethro, the rebellion of Korah, the making of the golden calf, confused as that story is (sura xx. 85 seq.), are all substantially taken from Jewish legend; and the account of Solomon's intercourse with the Queen of Sheba (sura xxvii. 20 seq.), and his building of the Temple by the aid of the Djinn (xxxiv. 11 seq.), are not matched in extravagance by the recitals given in the Midrash and later Targums.

When we come to the New Testament references, we find, as we might expect, that only those portions of the history that the popular imagination loved to dwell on—those legendary stories which even the non-Christian Arabs would repeat—have found their way into the Koran. The legendary accounts of the infancy of Mary, and the apocryphal stories of the birth of Jesus, are given at great length, while the events of Christ's ministry and the activity of the apostles are scarcely even referred to; in fact, between the time of the infancy and that of the passion, in regard to which the Koran has something to say to which we shall afterwards refer, the whole of Christ's life on earth may be said to be a blank, and the meagre details of New Testament story contrast very strikingly with the redundant recitals of Old Testament events.

Not only do we find *Bible history* in all its apocryphal dress in the Koran, but the legendary matter of

a post-Biblical time relating to angels and the unseen world figures largely in its pages. The names of paradise and the place of torment are of Jewish origin, and the descriptions of them are substantially the same as those given in the rabbinic writings. So in regard to the numbers and characters of the angels, and the existence or operation of Djinn, or spirits, there is scarcely anything in the Koran that may not be found in the legends of the Jews. It would seem, indeed, as the Jewish developments on these subjects date from the time of the Captivity, and correspond with the details of other religions in the East,* that Mohammed here again neither originated nor plagiarised. He simply drew upon the general stock of folk-lore, deriving his knowledge mainly through Jewish channels, and colouring it with Arab touches to suit the ideas of his own people.

But the extent to which Mohammed was indebted to Jewish and Christian religionists is greater than appears from the historical and legendary references which abound in the Koran. The Jews in Arabia, whatever language they may have spoken, must have used their sacred tongue for religious purposes. They would seem to have transferred into their spoken language some of those terms which had a specific religious meaning;† and several of these terms, representing characteristic conceptions in Judaism, are found in the Koran, in their foreign garb and with their technical meanings, to the great bewilderment, in some cases, of Mohammedan interpreters.‡ The same is true in a limited sense of certain expressions borrowed from the Greek with their Christian meanings; and the fact that Mohammed found these ready to hand and transferred them bodily into the Koran, shows the power which the religious ideas conveyed by them had acquired in his time, and the place which he thus sought to give them in his own system.

Taking now a comprehensive view of the agreement of Islam with Judaism and Christianity in matters of faith (leaving the subject of practical morality for future consideration), it would appear that the claim to originality on Mohammed's part, and the charge against him of invention, are equally out of place. And, passing by subsidiary points of belief, we find three great doctrines clearly taught in the Koran, which may be considered fundamental in all the three religions mentioned:—(1) First of all there is the belief in the existence and government of one Supreme Being, all-wise, all-powerful, and merciful; the unwearied observer of all men's actions, the just director of all events. Wherein Mohammed's conception of God differs from the Christian idea we shall afterwards consider; meantime, it may be observed that the doctrine of fate, so often ascribed to Islam, can no more be inferred from the words of Mohammed than from those of St. Paul; and though the God of Mohammed is not the "loving and favourable Father" made known in Christ, yet He is far above the passions and caprices ascribed to Him, not only in heathen religions, but in some systems of Christianity. The

* Nicolas, "Des Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs," chap. iii.

† We have a parallel case in the modern German Jews, who from the Hebrew word *darash*, have formed such expressions as *ein Drasche*, and its diminutive, *ein Draschle*, a sermon, and the verb *darschen*, to preach.

‡ Geiger gives a list of fourteen such words, some of them transferred bodily from the Hebrew into the Arabic, and all implying conceptions peculiarly Jewish.—Pp. 44-61. Some of them are also given by Deutach in his article in the "Quarterly Review."

* Franck, "La Kabbale," p. 90; Ginsburg, "The Kabbalah," p. 65.

† Sura xxxvii. p. 90-114. Abulfeida says, "Dubium utrum Isaacum an Ismaelem."—"Historia Anteislamica," ed. Fleischer, p. 23.

‡ Sura xlii., all given to Joseph's Story, and named after him.

Mohammedan devotee, as he tells one after another of the hundred beads on his rosary, repeats ninety-and-nine attributes or titles of the majestic spiritual being whom he worships, and sums up the whole in the hundredth word at the close, "Allah!"* (2) Secondly, not only is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul implied throughout the Koran, but the doctrine of the resurrection, which was as positively taught in later Judaism as in Christianity itself, receives special prominence. Some of the most eloquent passages of the Koran are those in which the resurrection and judgment are described; and it is in connection with these truths that the glories of paradise and the horrors of hell are so often dwelt upon as the recompense of this life. (3) Lastly, there is the belief, common to all the three religions, and maintained by Renan to be essentially Shemitic—the belief in prophecy, or, more definitely, the belief in a direct revelation from God to give divine authority to the truths of religion. It was this that made Mohammed recognise all preceding prophets as messengers of God, and lay at the root of his own claim to the same office, whatever we may say of his claim, and of the nature of the truths he declared.

These three great doctrines are clearly and repeatedly asserted throughout the Koran, and in every page of it they are implied. The mere mention of them shows how much there is in Islam that appeals to the common religious feeling of mankind, and how far, therefore, the Koran agrees in substantial points with the religions which existed before it. In what respects it differs from these religions, by changes or addition, has next to be considered.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

"Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc
Parthenope : cecini pascua, rura, duces."

"I sung flocks, tillage, heroes : Mantua gave
Me life, Brundisium death, Naples a grave."

VIRGIL wrote these words a few hours before his death, and so syllabled his own epitaph, which was afterwards inscribed on his tomb. The poet had fallen sick at Megara. He was on his way back from Athens, whither he had gone to meet Augustus returning from the East. Weak as he was, he hurried back to Italy, but found, on landing at Brundisium (Brindisi), that his strength was spent, that life was fast ebbing away. Thereupon, brief time being left him, he gave final directions, first, as to the bestowment of his possessions, which were large, then as to his great poem, "The Æneid," which narrowly escaped being burnt, first by the poet's own hand, and after by his executors in the fulfilment of his own wish. Lastly, he gave directions as to his burial. He died at Brundisium, B.C. 19, being fifty-seven years old.

But where was he buried? That has in modern times been a disputed question. History, tradition, in fact, overwhelming testimony, seem to point to the spot popularly known as Virgil's Tomb. It is over the archway at Posilippo. They show you, in a hollow where innumerable wild flowers blossom

amid an entanglement of briars and underwood, an old ruined columbarium, or dovecote. The old Romans called their sepulchral chambers columbaria, from the succession of "pigeon-holes," where the inurned ashes of the dead were variously shelved. Here, then, hard by the crumbling rubbish of an old burial-chamber, the great poet, so they say, was entombed. And for ages the spot was held sacred, until modern critics sapped the faith of the archaeologists. And now the place, long so hallowed that men with venerable and illustrious names for centuries came on pilgrimage to see it, is treated with a very mitigated kind of respect. And even Petrarch's laurel, which he himself planted in the sacred earth, has in these last years disappeared.

History says the body of the poet was carried to Naples, his beloved Parthenope, where, overlooking that summer sea, so much of the Pastorals and Georgics was written, and then interred, with great solemnity, somewhere on the road to Puteoli. It was his own wish thus to be buried, and Augustus carried out that wish. A costly monument was raised, bearing the epitaph which stands at the head of this paper.

So much for history; and however adverse critics may have spoiled the sentiment clinging to the *locus* of such illustrious memories, the spot itself is so lovely that, knowing, as you do, Virgil to have been continually there, knowing it to have been his favourite haunt, you seem to feel that, at any rate, he is the true *genius loci*, be the critics right or wrong. The very name, Pausilypus, a ceasing from sorrow, answers to the beauty of the place, which itself breathes the spirit of the Georgics and Pastorals.

Among the olive-groves and beeches surmounting this purple shore circling round to Baïæ, the poet dreamed his day-dreams, and wrote them in his book. He was himself the Tityrus—"tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi," and that beechen shade was undoubtedly in close contiguity to this spot. The noise and din of Rome was all very well for a season; but the "gentle master," as Dante calls him, loved best the wild hyacinth and the blossoming narcissus of these billowy uplands, where, through the branches of olive and pine, the unceasing shimmer of the summer bay beneath, "*ποντίων τε κυμάτων ανηριθμον γλασμα*," the innumerable twinkling laugh of sea and wave would gladden his eyes with its restless joy.

The tomb is just over the archway entrance. This archway, or grotto, as they call it, is rather a curious topographical feature. In going from Naples to Puteoli and Baïæ, round by the coast, the curving shore-line is broken by the hilly promontory of Posilippo that runs out into the sea. People in the old days coming from Pompeii through the then little fishing-town of Naples to go to the sea-port of Puteoli, or still farther on to the fashionable watering-place of Baïæ, would find this promontory planted right across their path. Either they must climb up over it, or else make a great circuit. So, in some antique time—when and by whom is a puzzle—the happy thought came to the contemporary engineers of cutting a way through, which they did, driving a tunnel of considerably more than a mile long (I speak from memory) beneath the hill, thus immensely facilitating the traffic between place and place. Archaeologists, however, tell you that the Pompeians found the work already done to hand, that it is to be attributed, like those strange underground labyrinths of the Campagna, called the

* Garcin de Tassy, "L'Islamisme," p. 209.

† "Les Langues Sémitiques," p. 9.

Catacombs, to an age anterior to the building of Rome. Both Seneca and Strabo speak of this tunnel. They went through it, with lanterns, I suppose, for it is always pitch dark, save for an evening or two in October, when the sun in setting shines right through from end to end. In these days, however, you have gas-lamps all the way. Daylight does not penetrate more than one hundred yards in, and looking out from a close carriage, you might fancy you were driving through a London street in a fog. The modern, or rather mediæval, Italians, have ventilated the tunnel with two shafts, which crop out into the hill above.

On sunny afternoons the holiday Neapolitans greatly affect this drive to Baïæ through the grotto. The road is noisy with them; they are like big school-boys. Carriages in wonderful diversity plough up the dust. It is a drive for the rich and poor alike, for the count with his barouche, and him who drives a barrow. Among the outlandish vehicles you see is a kind of skeleton omnibus, drawn by one horse, or sometimes a tandem, where, according to what you pay, you are allowed to sit on its skeleton ribs, or stand, or simply hang on. The jaunty driver flicks his whip, and then the thing jogs along with a human freight clinging to it like flies to a frame. To be driven is the darling ambition, the pet amusement, of the poorer Neapolitans. It is what they spend their saved sixpences upon after their day's or week's work. "Get driven somewhere—honestly if you can, but anyhow, get a drive." That is the Neapolitan's delight. And so this road, flanked here and there with a wayside luxuriance of terrace and tree and shrub, is, of sunny afternoons, noisy with the pleasure-seekers of modern Naples.

But what a glorious road it is! At every turn and bend breaking into gaps and vistas which tantalise your eye with brief bright visions of bay, and sunlit island, and purple shore. Now a white village struggling up the hillside, now an ever-changing landscape, temple and tower, framed in the unchanging loveliness of this southern atmosphere.

Those who can afford it dine at the osterias of Baïæ, and eat oysters from the classic oyster-beds of Lake Lucrinus.

Very fair and pleasant with their pergolas of over-arching vine, with palm and oleander, and orange and fig, are the gardens of these osterias. There is one planted picturesquely on the steep of the rocky promontory that circles round, forming the little Bay of Baïæ. From its terrace, where people dine *al fresco* under a trellis of leaves, you can look through the tangle of vines across the little sunset strait to rosy Procida, phantom-fair as an island in dream-land; you can look to Ischia, with its rock-crowned fortress, or round to Puteoli, with its great bell-tower standing, sentinelwise, over the cluster of houses beneath; you can survey the busy fish-market on the quay by the sea, where the fishing-smacks are rocking themselves at anchor, moored side by side; or, if you lean over the parapet, you can look down, fathoms down, into the blue crystalline waves which lap everlastingly at the honey-combed rocks over which your terrace hangs—look through them and see the foundation of the houses of ancient Baïæ beneath the water. Roman luxury, Horace says, must needs build houses at Baïæ right into the sea, and there, verily, still are the foundations cropping up through the sea-weed and coral-lines of the sunken rocks to verify his words.

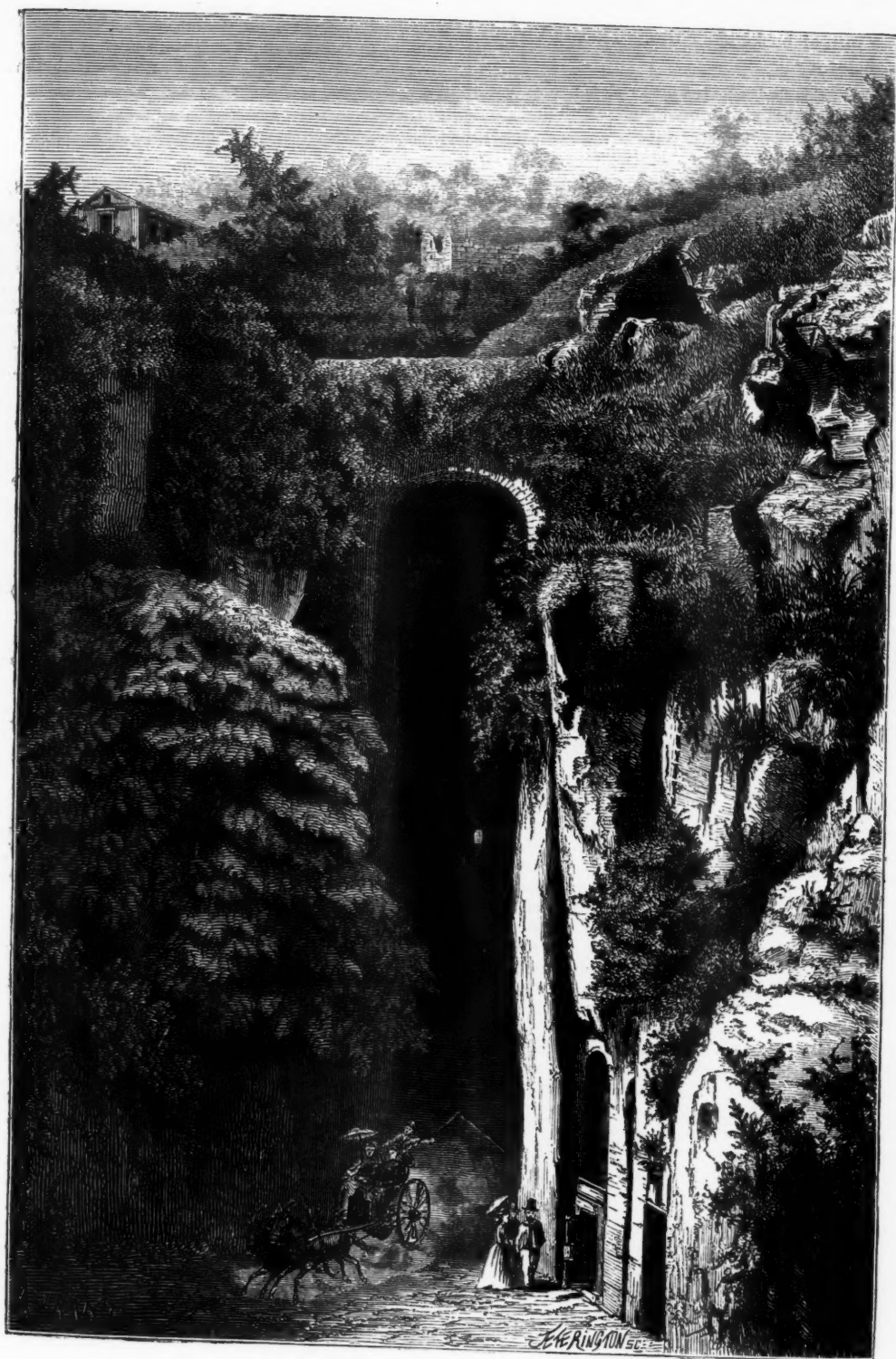
When the sun is getting low, the horses are harnessed, and the holiday-makers return to Naples, and this glorious drive round by the bay is more noisy and dusty than before.

Not much, you will say, can the thoughtful man find of Virgil in all this modern noise and moil. No; but climb up these wooded hills flanking the road, at Posilippo, for example. Climb up far enough to the higher slopes, and then a new order of things begins. Among the pines and olives and heather you get out of the every-day world of modern life; you get a larger view of things both materially and mentally. Not many visions of earthly loveliness can vie with the grand sweep of the Bay of Naples as seen from the hills above Posilippo. You survey an expanse of beauty that no sensitive mind can ever have looked upon without emotion. From here, in the Augustan days, Virgil would have scanned on the one side the smiling fields beyond Lake Avernus, rich with vineyards, where, in his "*Æneid*," he places the exit, as by the lake the threshold, of his Hades,—and on the other, the southern sweep of the bay, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae, and the sunny slopes of Vesuvius behind, then covered with fair vineyards and little white villas and villages already doomed to be swept away by the mighty rush of lava in the awful eruption of 73. Farther round on the nethermost horn, Sorrento smiled amid its orange gardens, thus completing the circle; and the purple island of Capri, siren-haunted, made a stepping-stone to the Sicilian coast, where all the poet's dreams of pastoral life had their birth.

It was of Sicily that Virgil dreamed on these uplands of Parthenope. The fair fields of Enna, where Proserpine gathered flowers, herself the fairest flower,* were translated in his eyes to the lovely plains of Campagna, stretching away and away beneath him, under that bright Italian sky; and the inexorable Pluto had his realms hard by at Lake Avernus.

Sitting under the pines with Theocritus in his lap, to Virgil this fresh sunny land would breathe of Sicilian pastoral. The lizard rustled in and out of the tufted grass; the grasshopper chirruped in the tree; the noontide air of the hill was murmurous with innumerable bees feeding on the wild thyme; while here and there in the hollows anemones and cystus and violets grew, and little runnels of sparkling water tumbled down between dew-sprinkled banks to meet with other streams, and join to gladden the thirsty plain below. Wandering shepherds were on these hills, leading their vagrant goats to browse; and here and there a rustic village might be seen among the trees. Just the place for shepherds to loiter all the long summer days, and pipe their pipe, and sing their song, and boast to one another of their rustic sweethearts, and wager a goat or neatly-compacted flute upon who could sing or pipe the best. Corydon, Daphnis, Tityrus, Menalcas, and their stories of homely life and rustic courtship, their jealousies, their quarrels, their childish joys, their monstrous boastings, are all part and parcel of the spirit of this summer land.

* Here while young Proserpine among the maids
Diverts herself in these delicious shades,
While like a child, with busy speed and care,
She gathers lilies here and violets there,
While first to fill her dainty lap she strives,
Hell's grisly monarch at the shade arrives,
Sees her thus sporting in the flowery green,
And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen.



VIRGIL'S TOMB AND THE GROTTA OF POSILIPPO.

The taste for these Pastorals has gone, but the touches of rural life and scenery never loose their charm for men of books and cities. Thus in Virgil's Third Eclogue:—

Sing, then : this shade affords a proper place ;
The trees are clothed with leaves, the fields with grace,
The blossoms blow, the birds on bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplished all the spring.

The book of Georgics ends with—

Thus have I sung of flocks and fields and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees ;
While mighty Caesar thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war,
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise,
And bold through youth beneath the beech's shade,
The lays of shepherds and their loves have played.

But Virgil was of too lofty a mind not to read, in all that bravery of nature, something more than the spirit of rustic pastoral. There was something more in the world than broad valleys and immeasurable skies and purple seas. The jarring notes of human passion, and human sorrow, and human sin, sounded through it all and spoiled the harmony. Whence this antagonism? whence this mystery?

Virgil's was just the mind to feel this keenly. When Dante, in his famous verse, makes Francesca appeal to Virgil for the truth of what she is saying, that "there is no greater grief than to remember days of joy in the midst of sorrow: *this kens thy learned instructor*,"—he had doubtless in mind this very sensitiveness of the Latin poet to the mystery of sorrow that underlies the outward joyousness of universal nature. It seems that at that age of the world, just before the birth of Christ, there was a universal thoughtfulness among men of reflecting minds upon that point. Throughout the world, we are told, there was a general expectation of some great redemption from human suffering to be brought about—of the advent of some great Being who was to set all crooked things straight, and bring back the golden age. Virgil, whether from pondering over the Sibylline books, as is said, or from his having read the prophecies of Isaiah, was evidently a sharer in this hope, as is seen in the fourth Pastoral:—

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier strain.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finished course, Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years beguine
From their first orb in radiant circles run ;
The base degenerate Iron offspring ends,
A Golden progeny from heaven descends.

Oh haste the glorious birth !

And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.

The jarring nations He in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs the promises of spring.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned,
The serpent brood shall die, the sacred ground

Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear.
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
Unlaboured harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn.

HOWARD HOPLEY.

NORTH OF ENGLAND PLACE RHYMES.

TRADITION has preserved to each county a variety of rhymes, setting forth the peculiarities of particular places. In a former article in the "Leisure Hour" the "Mountain Weather Rhymes" of several counties were given, and recently there appeared in these pages "Rhymes upon Places," which referred more particularly to counties south of the Humber. The present article will be confined to the counties north of the Humber.

"Let London still the just precedence claim,
York ever shall be proud to be the next in fame."

Commencing then with York county we hope to fare well, for the proverb says:—

"Gooide brade, botter, and chesse,
Is gooide Yorkshire, and gooide Friese."

Yorkshire claims to have one of the highest hills:—

"Ingleborough, Pendle, and Penigent,
Are the three highest hills between Scotland and Trent ;"
or,—

"Pendle, Penigent, and Ingleborough,
Are the three highest hills all England thorough."

But what says the Cumberland rhyme?—

"Skiddaw, Lauvelling, and Casticand,
Are the highest hills in all England."

Though many Yorkshire men are "as true steel as Rippon rowels," we have the following not very complimentary couplet:—

"Hutton-Rudby, Entrepenn,
Far more rogues than honest men."

The peculiarity of another district was not likely to entice pedestrians:—

"Cleveland in the clay,
Bring in two soles, and carry one away."

It is said that the low square tower of Hornsea Church bore a steeple, and was thus inscribed by the builder:—

"Hornsea steeple, when I built thee
Thou wast ten miles off Burlington,
Ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea."

The steeple fell during a gale in 1773, and nearly frightened to death the clerk, who, it is said, was in the crypt engaged in some smuggling business.

The isolated church of Paghill, or Paul, near Foul Holme Sand, gave rise to the following:—

"High Paul and Low Paul, Paul, and Paul Holme,
There was never a fair maid married in Paul town."

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The following prophetic place rhyme refers to Dighton, a small town near Hull, which was partly pulled down during the time of the Civil Wars:—

"When Dighton is pulled down,
Hull shall become a greater town."

We also have:—

"When Sheffield Park is ploughed and sown,
Then little England hold thine own."

Ray mentions this park as having been ploughed seven years.

Another prophetic rhyme refers to the Sheffield district:—

"When all the world shall be aloft,
Then Hallam-shire shall be God's croft;
Winkabank and Temple-brough
Will buy all England through and through."

Montferrand, near Beverley, is noted for having drowned a lady:—

"The fairest lady in this land,
Was drown'd at Mont Ferrand."

The towns in the Lake county come in for a large share of notice. Penrith is called "Little London," and by Drunken Barnaby "Peerless Penrith." The following, on Carlisle and Corby, by David Hume, was originally written upon a pane of glass at the Old Bush Inn:—

"Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl;
Here godless boys God's glories squall;
While Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall,
But Corby's walks atone for all."

We also have the town thus described:—

"Carlisle, a sea port,
Without ships, merchants, or trade."

Fourteen Cumberland towns are thus enumerated:—

"Distington, Workington, Harrington, Dean,
Hail, Ponsonby, Westington, and others between;
Rinnyside, Egremont, Barton, St. Bees,
Clea, Cockermouth, Calder, and mair beside these."

We also have,—

"East, west, north, south,
Kirby, Kendal, Cockermouth."

In old deeds Brigham, Eaglesfield, Dean, Gray-southen, and Clifton are described as "the five towns above Cocker."

The most popular rhyme in "canny Coommerlan" is on the fairy cup of Eden Hall, the subject of an excellent ballad:—

"If ever this cup do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

Tradition asserts that a mighty man wished to fortify Pendragon Castle, in Westmoreland, and have it surrounded by the River Eden, but failed.

"Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
The River Eden will still run where it ran."

Two heaps of stones near Orton are said to cover the bodies of the outlaw of Sherwood Forest and his men. It was formerly customary for persons who

went past on a nutting expedition to cast on a stone and repeat,—

"Robin Hood, Robin Hood, here lie thy bones,
Load me with nuts as I load thee with stones."

Leaving the land famed for Keswick pencils and Borrowdale soap, we pass to the county equally noted for its "Barney" Castle, gingerbread, and Durham mustard.

In this county we have the wonderful couplet:—

"Seaton Sluice and Hartlepool Mill,
The one goes round, the other stands still."

Not far from the village of Stainton, near Barnard Castle, we have set forth the virtues of a most valuable spring:—

"The water of Hezzle Well
Will make tea by itself."

Referring to a place in this neighbourhood, we have the following prophecy, said to have been uttered by a witch:—

"When Yarm sinks and Egglecliffe swims,
Aislaby will be a market town."

A few places near Chester-le-street are thus enumerated:—

"Picktree and Pelaw,
And Rickleton on the hill;
Lambton, and Biddick,
And Johnie Floater's mill."

In the Wear valley we have the following, referring to neighbouring villages:—

"Hamsterly Hungertown stands on a hill;
Witton-le-Wear lies in a gill;
Wolsingham's proud, and breeds that's a Donnet,
Frosterley's poor, but has a good stomach."

Again,—

"Bumley Raw's a flourishing toon,
But Happyland Ha' it dings them a' doon."

And again,—

"Jolly-body and Shittlehope-side all in a raw,
And then Bonny Stanhope the best o' them a'."

Crossing the Tyne we have "canny Newcastle," famed for one of the three things that travel all the world over,—

"A Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone."

We are now in feudal lands, where in old days the Northumberland men had little affection for the inhabitants north of the Borders. Said they,—

"We will not
Lose a Scot."

In this district we find a river with two names:—

"The foot of Breamish and the head o' Till
Meet together at Bewick Mill."

Another rhyme says:—

"Tweed said to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed,
'Thought ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye drown ae man,
'drown twa.'"

Berwickshire is prolific in its place rhymes. Here we are informed that—

"There are as many Shiels i' the Lammermoores
As there are Riggs i' the Merse."

And it is also said—

"The West country for ministers,
The Merse for nowt and kye."

In this district we find Choiselee, famed for its cheese; Auchencraw for bourtrees, bees, bairns, and witches; and—

"Mountablan for haggis; Lamington for tea;
Greenhead for bannocks steve, there better canna be."

Also,—

"Hutton for auld wives, Broadmeadows for swine;
Paxton for drunken wives, and salmon sae fine;
Crossing for lint and woo'; Spittal for kail;
Sunwick for cakes and cheese, and lasses for sale."

But for lasses we must give the following:—

"The lasses o' Lauder are min and meek;
The lasses o' Fanns smell o' peat reek;
The lasses o' Gordon canna sew a steek,
But weel can they sup their crowdie.
The lasses o' Earlstoun are bonny and braw;
The lasses o' Greenlaw are black as a crow;
The lasses o' Polwart are the best o' them a',
And gie plenty o' wark for their crowdie."

We have yet another list of choice places:—

"Gowkscroft and Barnside,
Windy-wallets fu' o' pride;
Monynut and Laikyshiel,
Plenty milk, plenty meal;
Straphunton Mill and Bankend,
Green cheese as tough as bend;
Shannabank and Blackerstane,
Pike the flesh to the bane."

Space forbids us to trespass further, so, in taking our leave, we must not take the passage between Dunse and Langton' for—

"If ye pass owra the Cornsyke,
The Corbies will get your bones to pyke;"

but we will go—

"From Berwick to Dover,
Three hundred miles over."

ANECDOTES OF HAYDN.

BY THE LATE EDWARD L. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

JOSEPH HAYDN—Papa Haydn, as he is often called, from his being the father of modern instrumental music—is a name to be honoured, both in music and in morals. Many of our readers will remember it when they think of the oratorio of "The Creation," a marvel of beauty and descriptive power in music, scarcely equalled in the annals of the art. He was a man of gentle disposition and of blameless life; and among all the numerous anecdotes told of him, not one tells to his discredit. He lived, as it were, among his own sweet sounds, gentle and kind to all around him, loved by his friends, revered

by his brother musicians, and he went to his grave full of years and honours.

We have strung together a few anecdotes of this great musician in the hope that they will possess some interest, and, without going into the details of his life, present a fair view of his character and disposition. They are gleaned from various sources, and may be depended upon for their accuracy.

Francis Joseph Haydn was born on the last day of March, 1732, at Rohrau, a small town fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was a cartwright, and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village. Haydn's father united to his business of a cartwright the office of parish sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of the organ and of music in general. On one of those journeys which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfurt, he learned to play a little on the harp, and on holidays, after church service, his wife would sing little religious songs, accompanied by her husband on his new instrument. The birth of Joseph—he was always called by his second name—did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert returned every week, and the child, standing before his parents, with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied the musicians. A cousin of the cartwright, whose name was Franck, a schoolmaster at Haimburg, came to Rohrau one Sunday and assisted at the trio. He remarked that the child, then scarcely six years old, beat time with astonishing exactness and precision. Franck was well acquainted with music, and proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting him into holy orders if he should understand music.

Once installed in Franck's house, young Haydn progressed rapidly, and after receiving instruction from Reuter, the chapel-master of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, he succeeded in making himself known to the renowned Porpora, whose lackey he consented to be in order to gain an insight into the mysteries of his art. Every day he rose early, beat the old man's coat, cleaned his shoes, and disposed in the best order his antique periwig. He obtained at first nothing but the courteous salutation of "fool" or "blockhead" when he entered his room in a morning. But the bear, seeing himself served gratuitously, and observing at the same time the rare qualities of his voluntary lackey, suffered himself occasionally to soften, and gave him some good advice. Haydn was fortunate in attracting the attention of a noble Venetian, who resided in that city as ambassador from the Republic. This generous man, observing Haydn's devotion to music, allowed him a pension of six sequins (about £3 sterling) monthly. He was now enabled to procure a suit of black clothes, and, thus attired, he took part in the daybreak service in the Church of the Fathers of the Order of Mercy. After this he repaired to the chapel of Count Haugwitz, where he played the organ; and at a later hour he sung the tenor part at St. Stephen's. Thus forming himself by the precepts of all the musical men with whom he became acquainted, seizing every opportunity of hearing music that was reputed good, and having no fixed master, he began to form his own conceptions of what was fine in music, and prepared himself,

without being his own.

When I set a description of a story that the reader caused him writing do libretto, w please; but of the two Curtz, all where the "Imagine, valley sink another va one after moment al fine descri add the t for me all "but part tains and over the k abundance of the bass still dissat patience, c pianoforte claimed, "that's it!" and nearly crossed the years after passage o endeavou Haydn the Prince posing a palace at executed arrived, t rounded l Haydn's s the perfor movement asked who "Haydn, the poor "What! music?" this sarca remain i "Joseph you are have not the majes reply. T self like a in this t coat, a wig shoes; b a good h spond to Go your Haydn k corner of obliged t elegance. highness'

without being aware, to form one day a style entirely his own.

When Haydn was nineteen years old he had to set a descriptive work to music, in which the imitation of a storm at sea occurred, and he used to say that the representation of the motion of the waves caused him more trouble than he afterwards had in writing double fugues. Curtz, the author of the libretto, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle—neither of the two authors had ever seen either sea or storm. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room where the composer was seated at the pianoforte. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking, and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after the other with rapidity, and at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other." This fine description was of no avail. In vain did Curtz add the thunder and lightning. "Come, describe for me all these horrors," he repeated, incessantly; "but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and valleys." Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the keyboard, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of discords, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the pianoforte, and, bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "Confound the tempest!" "That's it! that's it!" cried the author, springing upon his neck and nearly stifling him. Haydn added that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed nearly the whole of the passage on thinking of the storm he had so vainly endeavoured to imitate.

Haydn got introduced into the establishment of the Prince Esterhazy, and formed the plan of composing a symphony to be performed at the prince's palace at Eisenstadt on his birthday. Haydn executed it, and, the day of the ceremony being arrived, the prince, seated on his throne, and surrounded by his court, attended at the usual concert. Haydn's symphony was commenced. Scarcely had the performers got to the middle of the first allegro movement, when the prince interrupted them, and asked who was the author of that fine composition? "Haydn," replied the chamberlain; and he made the poor young man, all trembling, come forwards. "What!" exclaimed the prince, "is it the Moor's music?" (Haydn's complexion gave some room for this sarcasm.) "Well, Moor, from henceforth you remain in my service. What is your name?" "Joseph Haydn." "Surely I remember that name! you are already engaged to me; how is it that I have not seen you before?" Haydn, confused by the majesty which surrounded the prince, made no reply. The prince continued, "Go and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any more in this trim; you cut a pitiful figure. Get a new coat, a wig, and buckles, a collar, and red heels to your shoes; but I particularly desire that they may be of a good height, in order that your stature may correspond to your intelligence. You understand me? Go your way, and everything will be given you." Haydn kissed the prince's hand, and retired to a corner of the orchestra, a little grieved at being obliged to lay aside his natural hair and youthful elegance. The next morning he appeared at his highness's *levée*, imprisoned in the grave costume

which had been enjoined on him. He had the title of second professor of music, but his new comrades called him simply "the Moor."

Haydn did not set himself to write a new symphony unless he felt himself in a good disposition for the work. It has been said that fine thoughts come from the heart, and the truth of this remark is the more observable in proportion as the subject on which an author is employed is removed from the precincts of the mathematical sciences. Tartini, before composing, read one of the sonnets of Petrarch. The bilious Alfieri, who, in painting tyrants, has exhibited all the stern bitterness which preys upon them, was fond of listening to music before he sat down to his work. Haydn, like Buffon, thought it necessary to have his hair put in the same nice order as if he were going out, and dressed himself with a degree of elegance before sitting down to compose. Frederick II had sent him a diamond ring, and Haydn confessed often that when he sat down to his piano, if he had forgotten to put on his ring, he could not summon a single idea. The paper on which he wrote must be the finest and whitest possible; and his penmanship was so neat and careful, that the best copyist could not easily surpass it in the regularity and clearness of his characters. It is true that his notes had such little heads and slender tails that he used, with humour, to call them his flies' legs.

Haydn was possessed of a great deal of quiet humour, and has shown it in several of his symphonies. There is one in which all the performers disappear, one after the other, so that at the conclusion only the first violin performer is left playing by himself. The origin of this was that Prince Esterhazy, having determined to dismiss all his band except Haydn, the latter imagined this ingenious way of representing the general departure and the defection of spirits consequent upon it. Each performer left the concert-room as soon as his part was ended. At another time, Haydn, desirous of diverting the prince's company, went to the fair at Eisenstadt and purchased a whole basketful of whistles, fiddles, cuckoos, wooden trumpets, and other such instruments as delight children. He was at the pains of studying their compass and character, and composed a most amusing symphony for those instruments only, some of which even executed solos.

Many years afterwards, when Haydn was in England, he perceived that the English, who were very fond of his instrumental compositions when the movement was lively, generally fell asleep during the slower parts, in spite of all the beauties he could accumulate. He therefore wrote an andante movement full of sweetness, and of the most tranquil description. All the instruments seemed gradually to die away; but, in the middle of the softest *pianissimo*, striking up all at once, and reinforced by a stroke on the kettle-drum, his audience were made to start from their slumbers, as if the roof was falling in.

When Haydn was in London, a nobleman, passionately fond of music—according to his own account—came to him one morning, and asked him to give him some lessons. Haydn, finding that he had some knowledge of music, agreed. "When shall we begin?" "Immediately, if you please," said the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket a quartet of Haydn's. "For the first lesson," continued he, "let us examine this piece of music, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I

cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules." Haydn, a little surprised, said that he was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and from the very first bar found something to remark upon almost every chord. Haydn, with whom invention was a habit, and who was the opposite of a pedant, found himself a good deal embarrassed, and replied continually, "I did so because it has a good effect. I have placed this passage here because I think it suitable." The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still returned to his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly that his quartet was good for nothing. "But, my lord, arrange this quartet in your own way, hear it played, and you will then see which of the two is the best." "How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?" "Because it is the most agreeable." My lord still returned to the subject. Haydn replied as well as he was able, but at last, out of patience, "I see, my lord," said he, "that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess that I do not merit the honour of having such a master."

A captain in the navy called on our composer one morning. "Mr. Haydn, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Are you willing to compose me a march for the troops I have on board? I will give you thirty guineas; but I must have it to-day, as I sail to-morrow for Calcutta." Haydn agreed to the request. As soon as the captain was gone, he opened his pianoforte, and in a quarter of an hour the march was finished. Feeling some scruples at gaining so easily what appeared to him a very considerable sum, he wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice of them, and afterwards to make him a present of the other two, as a return for his liberality. Early on the following morning the captain arrived. "Well, where's my march?" "Here it is." "Will you play it on the piano?" Haydn played it. The captain, without saying a word, counted the thirty guineas on the instrument, took the march, and walked away. Haydn ran after him to stop him. "I have written two others, which are better. Hear them, and then make your choice." "I like the first very well, and that is sufficient." "But hear them." The captain marched out of the house, and would hear nothing. Haydn pursued him, crying out, "I make you a present of them." The captain, quickening his pace, replied, "I won't have them." "But, at least, hear them." "No, not for the whole navy." Haydn, piqued, immediately hastened to the Exchange, inquired what ship was on the point of sailing for the Indies, and the name of the commander. He then rolled up the two marches, enclosed a polite note, and sent the parcel on board to the captain. The obstinate fellow, suspecting that the musician was in pursuit of him, would not even look at the note, but sent it back unopened. Haydn tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot the captain as long as he lived.

During his residence in London, Haydn enjoyed two great gratifications. One was in hearing Handel's music, the other in attending the Ancient Concerts. He expressed great pleasure in hearing the four thousand charity children at their anniversary meeting at St. Paul's, and noted down the chant they sung on that occasion. It was the following double chant by Thomas Jones, the organist of the cathedral:—



He adds in his diary: "This simple and natural air gave me the greatest pleasure I ever received from the performance of music." Haydn dwelt much upon the importance of melody. In one of his notes he says: "Let your air be good, and your composition, whatever it be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly please. It is the soul of music; it is the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition. Without this, Tartini may find out the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard but a laboured sound, which, though it may not offend the ear, leaves the head empty and the heart cold."

Haydn was not always gratified with what he saw and heard in England. In his diary he speaks of being invited to Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, and gives the following description of the scene and entertainment: "After dinner there was a ball in three different chambers. The first was allotted to the *haute noblesse*, by whom only minuets were danced. I could not possibly remain there, both on account of the heat and the detestable music performed by an orchestra consisting of two scrapers and a violoncello. In the second chamber they danced country dances; the band there was somewhat better, because the noise of the tambours drowned that of the violins. The third chamber, which was the largest, had a band somewhat more numerous and less vile. The gentlemen were seated at several tables in drinking parties. There was some dancing, but not to the sound of music, because the songs bawled at the tables, the toasts and the laughing, and the gabbling and clamouring, totally prevented the instruments from being heard."

Before Haydn left England the University of Oxford sent him the diploma of a Doctor in Music, a dignity seldom conferred upon foreigners. Custom requiring that the recipients of a degree should forward the University professor some specimen of musical learning, Haydn composed the following canon for that purpose. It is singularly ingenious, being so composed that, read backwards or forwards, beginning at the top, the bottom, or the middle of the page, in short, in every possible way, it always presents an air and a correct accompaniment:—



While in London, Haydn was much struck with Handel's music. He learned from the works of this great musician the art of being majestic. One day, at Prince Schwartzburg's, when Handel's "Messiah" was being performed, Haydn, being among the company, said aloud, thoughtfully, "This man is the father of us all." He was sixty-three years old when he undertook his great work, "The Creation;" and he spent two whole years in completing it. When urged to bring it to a conclusion, he calmly replied,

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"I spend much time over it, because I intend it to last a long time."

Haydn became extremely weak before he entered his seventy-eighth year. It was the last of his life. The war broke out between Austria and France. This intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the remnant of his strength. He was continually inquiring for news; he went every two or three minutes to his piano, and sang, with the small thread of voice which he yet retained, "God preserve the Emperor." The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length having reached the very walls of Vienna, within two yards of Haydn's house, they fired fifteen hundred cannon-shot upon the town he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him full of terror. The old man, raising himself, got up from his easy-chair, and with a dignified air demanded, "Why this terror?" A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. His strength diminished rapidly; nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sang, as loud as he was able, "God preserve the Emperor!" It was the song of the swan. While at the piano he fell into a kind of stupor, and at last expired on the morning of May 31, 1809, aged seventy-eight years and two months.

PENNY BANKS.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in Penny Banks, as all ought to be, will be pleased with the following address of the Countess Russell, delivered at the opening of a village penny bank established by her son and daughter:—

"We have met together this evening to talk of money and its uses; not an amusing subject, but one on which we all ought to ponder; those who have much, those who have little, and even those who have none at all now, but whose pockets, we hope, will not be for ever empty.

What is money? Look at it; little circular pieces of dingy copper, or shining silver, or gaudy gold. Can we eat it? or drink it? or make a garment of it? or warm ourselves at its glitter? No, a handful of stones picked up by the wayside would answer these purposes just as well. No, it is hard and cold as the hearts of those who heap it up merely to gaze upon it, and count it in secret, day by day, without a thought of making one fellow-creature the happier for all their hoard. Money lying idle is like man lying idle—lumber, only lumber.

But now let us look around and see what it can do when sent forth to work at the bidding of man, and we shall acknowledge a mighty magician; for who can count the good and pleasant shapes in which it will return to its owners? Food and raiment, fire and medicine, books, houses, horses, cattle, schools, ships, railroads, pictures, music, parks, gardens, museums; all that may help us to climb the hill of progress, to adorn this beautiful earth, or to multiply the graces of life.

Money bears the good tidings of the gospel message over land and sea, to soften savage hearts and

draw closer the bonds of universal brotherhood. Money feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, heals the sick, strikes the fetters from the limbs of the slave. Money is knowledge, power, freedom, beauty. Why then does St. Paul tell us that the love of money is the root of all evil? Alas! the reason is not far to seek. Turn your eyes from the sunny side of the mighty magician, and see the mighty shadow he casts upon the earth. Once more money has gone forth on man's errand, and what are its transformations now? War, conquest, bloodshed, oppression, slavery, the gaming-table, the betting-ring, drunkenness, and all their ghastly train. Behold it in the garb of the serpent, tempting the house-breaker and the murderer to their deadly deeds, lighting the gin-palace in the city, filling the village ale-house, emptying the home fireside. Behold it severing the dearest ties of kindred and friendship, listen to it whispering the voter to betray a public trust, watch it luring men and women into unhal- lowed marriages wherein love has no part. Thus sings a poet of the olden days:—

'Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create;
Gold alone does passion move;
Gold monopolises love;
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began;
A curse on him who found the ore,
A curse on him who digged the store;
A curse on him who did refine it;
A curse on him who first did coin it;
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love.'

There is a story of ancient Greek mythology which I am tempted here to tell you. The god Bacchus was on a journey here below. He arrived at the palace of Midas, King of Phrygia, who, although noted for his avarice, received the god with hospitality. Bacchus, therefore, on leaving him, said, 'Ask for what gift thou wilt, and it shall be granted thee.' The besetting sin of Midas took possession of him, and he begged that whatever he should touch might be turned to gold. Bacchus granted the request, and Midas was overjoyed. He called for food and wine, but no sooner did he raise them to his lips than they became lumps of gold. He went into his delightful garden, he gathered a rose, and behold it was a rose no more, but a metallic sprig without beauty and without perfume. His little daughter ran to meet him; he took her up in his arms, and kissed—a lifeless golden image! Hungry and wretched, he prayed to Bacchus, ere a day had passed, to take back the gift. Bacchus consented, and Midas, to get rid of the now hated gold, which still stuck to him, bathed in the River Pactolus, which has ever since, they say, been famed for its golden sands.

Well would it be for all who hoard and amass money for its own sake, could they feel the need of a Pactolus to wash away the stain from their souls. The very name for such a man is a warning—*Miser*. The word originally meant an unfortunate being, one overwhelmed by calamity, and was used in that sense a few centuries ago; but gradually, by common consent, it has come to denote that pre-eminently miserable man whose hoarded treasures are his curse.

No less selfish than the miser, and even a greater evil to his fellow-creatures, is the spendthrift, who has neither motive nor aim beyond his own selfish enjoyment. He shall speak for himself:—

'Let commoner spirits toil away their lives
For fathers, mothers, children, homes, and wives;
Money's not worth these everlasting labours,
So first I'll spend my own, and then my neighbour's.'

Let us shun both these dangers; let us neither love nor hate money, but love the good and hate the bad uses to which money may be put. Money is a trust, for which, as for all other trusts, we shall be called to account hereafter. The greater our wealth, the heavier is the burden of the trust; but nobody has a right to say, 'I have so little, no matter how I spend it.' Rather let the mother say to the merry little owner of one little halfpenny,—

'Neither grasp it too tightly,
Nor spend it too lightly.'

A lesson of kindness, unselfishness, generosity, self-denial, may be taught by one little halfpenny. The widow's mite was much in the sight of God. It is as a means to the right employment of our shillings and our pence that we propose to establish a PETERSHAM PENNY BANK.

And here let me mention to my younger friends one shape—perhaps the sweetest of all—which most of us have seen our money take—the sugar-plum shape. It would be ungrateful of me to pass it by, for I am very fond of sugar-plums; I like to look at them in the shop-window; I like to eat them; I like to give them away. I am so fond of them, indeed, that I fear I require some curb on my inclinations, and I hope to find it in the Penny Bank. I hope, moreover, that this will be the case with many besides me, and that we shall all enjoy our sugar-plums the more for their being few and far between. And may those who in their early days learn to deny themselves sugar-plums find, when they grow to manhood and womanhood, that they have gained strength for greater acts of self-denial. May they look back in days to come to the Petersham Penny Bank as having trained them to habits of which they will never cease to feel the value; habits which will lead them to look to their own honest industry for their livelihood, and to prize their own well-earned independence; habits which will help them to avoid the snare of the beer-shop and the public-house, where so many thousands—so many millions—of our countrymen have sown idleness and recklessness, to reap disease and death, ruin of body and of soul.

Your money will not lie useless in the bank; it will circulate for a variety of useful purposes, and yet be ready whenever you call for it. May the Petersham Penny Bank be an encouragement to parents to lay by many a little store for the good of their children! May it give children the holy joy of helping their parents in the day of need, and of adding to the comforts of their old age.

Every penny shows us on one side the image of our Queen; on the other that of Britannia. May these images remind us of our duties as subjects and as citizens to our Queen and to our country! And may the blessing of God rest upon this evening's work!"

Varieties.

OPPOSITION BENEFICIAL.—Mr. Bianconi, who was the first to introduce the long car into Ireland, used to tell that when he put on his first car between Galway and Clifden, no one would go on it, but after studying the people and coming to know their character he started an opposition car under a fictitious name, and from that moment he had plenty of passengers.

MONTENEGRO.—Montenegro, which has carried down through four centuries, in the midst of a constant surge of perils, a charmed life, we may say with confidence will not die. No Russian, no Austrian eagle, will build its nest in the Black Mountain. The men of Tsernagora, who have never allowed the very shadow of a Turkish title to grow up by silent prescription, will claim their portion of an air and soil genial to man, and of free passage to and fro over the land and sea which God has given us. It is another question whether their brethren of the Serbian lands will amalgamate with them politically on an extended scale, and revive, either by a federal or an incorporated union, the substance, if not the form, of the old Serbian State. Such an arrangement would probably be good for Europe, and would go some way to guarantee freedom and self-government to the other European provinces of Turkey, whether under Ottoman suzerainty or otherwise. There is another question deeper and more vital. Rudeness and ferocity are rapidly vanishing; when their last trace disappears, will the simplicity, the truth, the purity, the high-strung devotion, the indomitable heroism, lose by degrees their native tone and their clear, sharp outline, and will a vision on the whole so glorious for them, so salutary and corrective for us,

"die away,

And fade into the light of common day"?

—W. E. Gladstone.

COCK-FIGHTING IN THE OLD SCOTTISH SCHOOLS.—The sport of cock-fighting became an established pastime annually practised on Eastern-even (Shrove-tide) for the youth in attendance at the parish schools. Each schoolboy was encouraged to bring up a cock to have his warlike prowess tested. The schoolmaster presided at this elevating sport, in which, indeed, he had a particular interest; for the carcasses of the cocks that fell in battle became his property, as well as those of the "fujies" (fugitives, or hens, as the cowardly of both sexes are called in Scotland). In special instances, the yearly cock-fight dues are stated to have been equal to a quarter's fees for the school, which, after all, did not represent a large sum. One country schoolmaster in 1792 gives his income—statutory salary, £5 11s. 1½d.; fees, £7; session clerk fees, £2—in all, £14 11s. 1½d., somewhat under elevenpence a day. Many schools were not worth so much, and at least four-fifths of the schools in the North did not exceed the calculation he had made. [We find this statement in "Northern Rural Life," as if it were a custom long ago extinct. The late Rev. Thomas Alexander, of Chelsea, used to tell of the cock-fights remembered by him in his own boy days, his father having been a parish schoolmaster.]

A QUAKER EPITAPH.—The Friends, as a rule, show severe simplicity in all things connected with the burial of the dead. In their burying-grounds we do not find the pomp of heraldry or the language of panegyric. But that the good folk do occasionally indulge in poetic praise, and even in grim humour, the following epitaph shows. It is inscribed on a tombstone in the Friends' Burial-ground, Budock, near Falmouth, Cornwall:—

of Margery, Relict of Thomas Gwin, Merchant, late of

Here lieth the Body
March, 1708.

MARGERY GWIN

Anag:

Grim Warneing

The chaste and Fruitfull Wife, the carefull Mother,
The cheerful giver, and of Friends a lover,
She that in all relations was most charming
Lies here, of Grim death made to us a Warneing.

Falmouth and thirce

Mayor of said Towne, who departed this life 19th of